

The Tragedy of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knaury, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. I't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a *Comma* twene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow d.

Hora. How was this seald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinaunt,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the model of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,

Prince of Denmark

The changling neuer knowne: now the
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this wa
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencr.*

Ham. They are not neere my consci
Dooes by their owne insinuation grow
Tis dangerous when the baser nature c
Betweene the passe and fell incenced po
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stan
Hee that hath kild my King, and whor
Pop't in betweene the election and my
Throwne out his Angle for my proper
And with such cosnage, i't not perfect

Enter a Co

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right wel

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doo'st know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gratior
He hath much land and fertill: let a b
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordsh
impart a thing to you from his Maiest

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all d
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is

Ham. No beleue me, tis very col

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lo

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is ver
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is
tell how my Lord his Maiesty bad me
a great wager on your head, sir this is

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cou Nay good my Lord for my e
come to court *Laertes*, beleue me a

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